

RECOLLECTION

ABFAHAM LINCOLN

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By: Henry Watterson

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# Abraham Lincoln

By William H. Taft



IT seems to me, as I study the life of Lincoln, that in his development and the position to which he attained there is more inspiration for heroism and usefulness to the country than in the life of any other one man in history. He had his weaknesses, like others. His education was faulty. But by a certain sort of intellectual discipline, by self-education, he clarified his methods of thought and expression so that he was able to meet every problem presented by a solution as simple as it was effective. The responsibility which he had to assume when he came to the presidency was awful to contemplate, and the proverbial sadness of his features it is easy to understand. The criticism and abuse to which he was subjected in the crises of the Civil War one is ashamed to review as a matter of history. And yet it is of the utmost value in the encouragement of others that they may not be borne down by the weight of hostile and persistent criticism.

Mr. Lincoln's biographer and partner, Judge Herndon, raises a question as to whether love made up a part of Lincoln's nature. He suggests that his consideration and charity resulted rather from his sense of justice. I don't know that such a discussion is profitable. Certain it is that we have never had in public life a man whose sense of duty was stronger, whose bearing toward those with whom he came in contact, whether his friends or political opponents, was characterized by a greater sense of fairness. And we have never had in public life a man who took upon himself uncomplainingly the woes of the nation and suffered in his soul from the weight of them as he did, nor in all our history a man who had such a mixture of far-sightedness, of understanding of the people, of common sense, of high sense of duty, of power of inexorable logic, and of confidence in the goodness of God in working out a righteous result as had this great product of the soil of our country.

One cannot read of Abraham Lincoln without loving him. One cannot think of his struggles, of his life and its tragic end, without weeping. One cannot study his efforts, his conscience, his heroism, his patriotism, and the burdens of bitter attack and calumny under which he suffered, and think of the place he now occupies in the history of this country, without a moral inspiration of the most stirring and intense character.

Cosmopolitan





*Drawn by Will Foster*

THEY WERE A *PARTIE CARRÉE*, DINING OUT OF DOORS IN THE COURTYARD OF AN ANCIENT BUT FASHIONABLE PARISIAN HOTEL

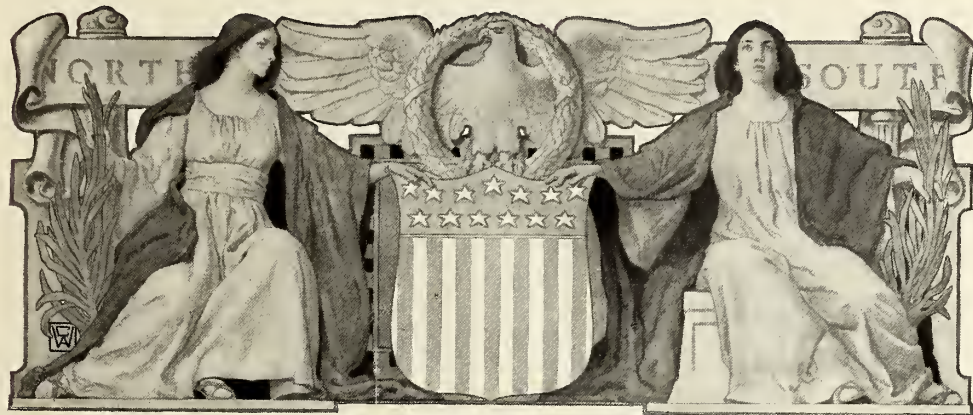
(*"Passers-By," page 449*)

# COSMOPOLITAN MAGAZINE

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No. 4



## Abraham Lincoln

By Henry Watterson

With respect to Abraham Lincoln, I, as a Southern man and a Confederate soldier, here render unto Cæsar the things that are Cæsar's, even as I would render unto God the things that are God's



HE celebration of the centenary of the birth of Abraham Lincoln will not be bounded by sectional lines, though it will recall from many points of view the issues and incidents through which he passed in life and of which in history he remains the foremost figure. I am writing from the Southern standpoint.

All of us must realize that the years are gliding swiftly by. Only a little while and there will not be a man living who saw service on either side of that great struggle. Its passions long ago faded from manly bosoms. Meanwhile it is required of no one, whichever flag he served under, that he make renunciations dishonoring himself. Each may leave to posterity the casting of the balance between antagonistic schools of thought and

opposing camps in action, where in both the essentials of fidelity and courage were so amply met. Nor is it the part of wisdom to regret a tale that is told. The issues that evoked the strife of sections are dead issues. The conflict, which was thought to be irreconcilable and was certainly inevitable, ended more than forty years ago. It was fought to its conclusion by fearless and upright men. To some the result was logical, to others it was disappointing, to all it was final.

I

I was engaged by Mr. L. A. Gobright, the agent of the Associated Press in the national capital, to assist him and Maj. Ben Perley Poore, a well-known newspaper correspondent of those days, with their report of the inaugural ceremonies of the 4th of March, 1861. The newly elected President had ar-



rived in Washington ten days before—to be exact, the morning of the 23d of February. It was a Saturday. That same afternoon he came to the Capitol escorted by Mr. Seward, and being on the floor of the House at the time—the rules were not so strict then as now, and having the freedom of the reporters' gallery, and being personally acquainted with most of the representatives, I often went or was called there—I saw him for the first time and was, indeed, presented to him.

"You are not a member?" said he kindly, observing my extreme youth.

"No, sir," I answered, "I only hope to be."

He said, "I hope you will not be disappointed," and passed on.

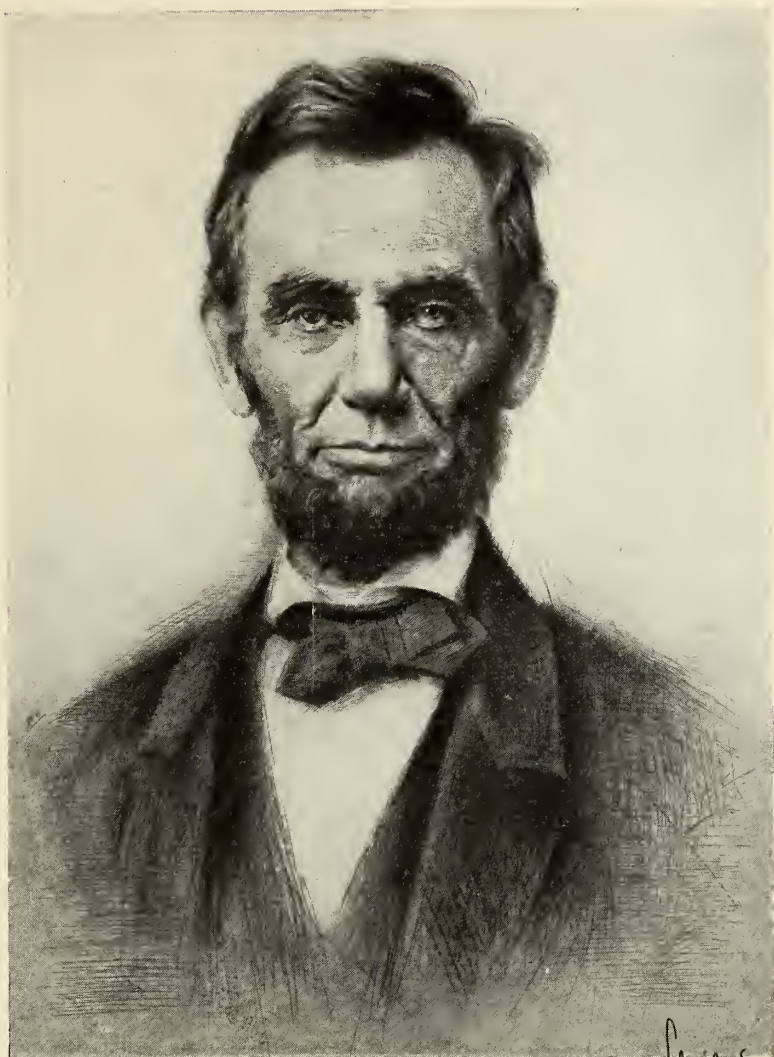
Early in the morning of the 4th of March I found thrust into the keyhole of my bedroom door a slip of paper which read, "For inaugural address see Col. Ward H. Lamon." Who was "Col. Ward H. Lamon"? I had never heard of him. The city was crowded with strangers. To find one of them was to look for a needle in a haystack. I went straight to Willard's Hotel. As I passed through the big corridor on the second floor I saw, through a half-opened door, Mr. Lincoln himself, pacing to and fro, apparently reading a manuscript. I went straight in. He was alone, and as he turned and saw me he extended his hand, called my name, and said, "What can I do for you?" I told him my errand and dilemma, showing him the brief memorandum. "Why," said he, "you have come to the right shop; Lamon is in the next room. I will introduce you to him, and he will fix you all right." No sooner said than done, and, supplied with the press copy of the inaugural address, I gratefully and gleefully took my leave.

Two hours later I found myself in the Senate Chamber, witnessing the oath of office administered to Vice-President-elect Hannibal Hamlin, and listening to his brief speech. Then I followed the cortège through the long passageway and across the rotunda to the east portico, where a special wooden platform had been erected, keeping close to Mr. Lincoln. He was tall and ungainly, wearing a black suit, a black tie beneath a turn-down collar, and a black silk hat. He carried a gold- or silver-headed walking-cane. As we came out into the open and upon the temporary stand, where there was a table upon which were a Bible, a pitcher, and a glass of water, he drew from his breast pocket the manuscript I had seen him reading at the hotel, laid it before

him, placing the cane upon it as a paper-weight, removed from their leathern case his steel-rimmed spectacles, and raised his hand—he was exceedingly deliberate and composed—to remove his hat. As he did so I lifted my hand to receive it, but Judge Douglas, who stood at my side, reached over my arm, took the hat, and held it during the delivery of the inaugural address, which followed.

Lincoln's self-possession was perfect. Dignity itself could not have been more unexcited. His voice was a little high pitched, but resonant, quite reaching the outer fringes of the vast crowd in front; his expression was serious to the point of gravity, not a scintillation of humor. Notwithstanding the campaign pictures of Lincoln, I was prepared to expect much. Judge Douglas had said to me, upon his return to Washington after the famous campaign of 1858 for the Illinois senatorship from which the Little Giant had come off victor, "He is the greatest debater I have ever met, either here or anywhere else."

It is only true to say that he delivered that inaugural address as though he had been delivering inaugural addresses all his life. To me it meant war. As the crowd upon the portico dispersed back into the Capitol I was wedged in between John Bell, of Tennessee, and Reverdy Johnson, of Maryland. Each took me by the arm, and we sat down upon a bench just inside the rotunda. They were very optimistic. No, there would be no war, no fight; all the troubles would be tided over; the country still was safe. I was a boy, just one and twenty. They were the two ablest and most renowned of the surviving Whig leaders of the school of Clay and Webster, one of them just defeated for President in the preceding election. Their talk marveled me greatly, for to my mind there seemed no escape from the armed collision of the sections, secession being already accomplished and a Confederate government actually established. There is in youth a prophetic instinct which grows duller with advancing years. As I look behind me I not only bear this in mind, illustrated by the talk of those two veteran statesmen that day in the rotunda of the Capitol at Washington, but I feel it and realize it, so that I am much less confident, with a lifetime of experience to guide me, than I was when buoyed up by the ignorance and bravery, but also the inspiration, of youth, the problems ahead read plain and clear as out of an open book.



*From an etching by Otto F. Schneider  
Copyright, 1906, by Charles Barmore, New York*

*Abraham Lincoln*

## II

DURING the next three months I saw and heard Mr. Lincoln often in public, and on several occasions was thrown with him in private companies. He looked the picture of health. Serenity, however, not levity, was the prevailing mood with him. To me he seemed a wholly resolute man. There was in his habitual kindness a most unflinching and very firm note. I do not believe that at any turning he hoped for a reconciliation between the

leaders of the North and the South, who were already stripped for a fight. He had carefully measured the forces of combat, and made up his mind both as to his duty and the situation.

On either side it was a play for time and advantage. The signal-gun was at length fired by the South in Charleston Harbor. Promptly upon the attack upon Sumter came the call for troops from the White House. Extremism was destined to have its way. At last it had won. Blood was sprinkled in the faces of the people. Abraham Lincoln and Jeffer-



son Davis were perhaps the only men who thoroughly understood what was about to happen.

It will be remembered that Mr. Lincoln was but fifty-two years of age. His practical knowledge of national affairs had been limited to a single term in Congress. His nomination and election to the presidency were regarded as accidental; he as an untutored, a very homely and awkward, child of fortune. Seward and Chase, Fessenden and Trumbull, Simon Cameron and Zachariah Chandler were, each in his way, the accepted authorities of the time. There was not a member of his cabinet who did not consider himself a bigger man than his master. Even so keen an observer as Seward wholly missed the dominating features of the chief he had reluctantly come to serve until he got his answer in that queer letter of the 1st of April, 1861, which, as by a flash of lightning, revealed the truth and brought him to his intellectual knees, never to rise again. Somehow, I had a great impression of Mr. Lincoln from the first, and during the four succeeding years of war, though serving on the opposite side, this never left me.

Toward the preparation of an address upon Abraham Lincoln, desired in 1895 by the Lincoln Union of Chicago, though I thought I understood his life and character very well, it seemed prudent to gather whatever I might of a biographic description. There could

not have been fewer than half a thousand volumes and pamphlets. These were replete with contradictions and discrepancies. Even the epoch-making work of Nicolay and Hay was imperfect through lack of data discovered after it had gone to press. The "call" for a complete life seemed as urgent as it was apparent, and in 1896, believing that my exit from daily newspaper work would be final, I went to Geneva in Switzerland, where my children were at school, to obtain leisure and repose for the composition of such a volume or volumes. Subsequent events quite diverted me from my purpose, but I penetrated the subject at that time far enough to be struck by the mass of inconsistencies staring me in the face, and the need for a connected story separating the tangled web of fact and falsehood and partly at least removing the incongruities of prejudice and partyism.

Nothing, for example, has been more misrepresented and misconceived than Lincoln's

pedigree and birth. Some confusion was originally made by his own mistake touching the marriage of his father and mother, which had not been celebrated in Hardin County, but in Washington County, Kentucky, the absence of any marriage papers in the court-house at Elizabethtown, the county-seat of Hardin County, leading to the notion that there had never been any marriage at all. It is easy to conceive how such a discrepancy might occasion any amount and all sorts of campaign lying,



EARLY HOME OF LINCOLN, ELIZABETHTOWN, KENTUCKY  
His father built this cabin and moved into it when Abraham was an infant. Here the family lived till the removal to Indiana when the boy was seven years of age



these distorted accounts winning popular belief among the ignorant and inflamed. Lincoln himself died without knowing that he was born not only in honest wedlock, but of an ancestry upon both sides of which he had no reason to be ashamed.

The name of Lincoln came from excellent sources, and was borne by good people. The Lincolns were among those who overcrowded Norwich jail in England because "they would not accept the ritual prepared for them by the bishop"; who pelted the tax-collector with stones, and finally, in order to "rid themselves of an odious government," bravely sailed out of Yarmouth Harbor in 1636, crossed the ocean, and founded the colony of Hingham, in Massachusetts. Descendants of these landowners, wheelwrights, and ironmongers migrated southward into New Jersey, Pennsylvania, Virginia, and at last into Kentucky. The Abraham Lincoln who was fifth in descent from Samuel Lincoln, of Hingham, and who had become owner of considerable tracts of land in Kentucky, fell by the bullet of a lurking Indian in the sight of his three boys, Mordecai, Joseph, and Thomas, the latter a six-year-old lad who was saved by the timely crack of the rifle in the hands of his elder brother, to become the father of the future President.

Thomas Lincoln was not the irresponsible ne'er-do-well that most of the biographers of Lincoln have represented him. A fairer estimate has yet to be made. Nor was the Hanks family so obscure as used to be thought.

For a long time a cloud hung over the name of Nancy Hanks, the mother of Abraham Lincoln. Persistent investigation has, however, brought about a vindication in every way complete. We owe this largely to the researches of three women, Mrs. Hobart Vawter, Mrs. Caroline Hanks Hitchcock, and Miss Ida M. Tarbell.

Mrs. Vawter's grandmother was Sarah Mitchell, of Kentucky, a second cousin to Nancy Hanks. She it was who discovered the marriage bond of Thomas Lincoln and the marriage record of Jesse Head, the Methodist minister who officiated at the marriage of Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, the 12th of June, 1806. Mrs. Hitchcock took upon herself the task of tracing the genealogy of the Hanks family thus throwing a flood of light upon the maternal ancestry of Abraham Lincoln, and consequently upon the foundations of his character and genius.

It is related that two brothers of the name of Hanks received "the commoners' rights in Malmsbury" for service rendered in defeating the Danes, and we are told that the name of Athelstan, grandson of Alfred, was on the deed. Thomas Hanks, a descendant, who was a soldier under Cromwell, had a grandson who came to America in 1699. This Benjamin Hanks became the father of twelve children, the third of whom was William, born February 11, 1704; William migrated to Pennsylvania, and his son, John Hanks, married Sarah, a daughter of Cadwallader Evans and Sarah Morris. The record reads, "John Hanks, yeoman, Sarah



*By courtesy of Pearson's Magazine*

JUDGE STEPHEN A. DOUGLAS

Lincoln's opponent in the famous debates on the problems of slavery, which led to the foundation of Lincoln's national reputation

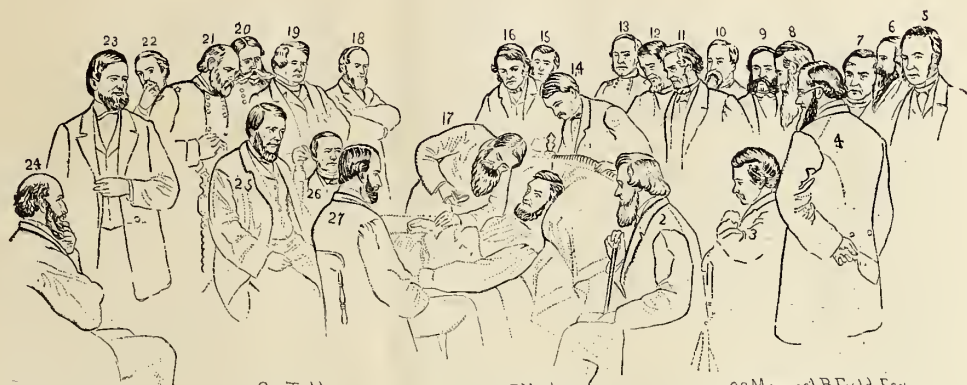
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*From the painting by A. H. Ritchie, in possession of G. W. H. Ritchie, Esq.*

THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN





- |                                     |   |                                      |                                      |
|-------------------------------------|---|--------------------------------------|--------------------------------------|
| 1 President Lincoln                 | 8 Gen Todd                              | 15 D' Leale                          | 22 Mounsel B Field Esq               |
| 2 Hon Gideon Welles Sec of the Navy | 9 Rufus Andrews Esq                     | 16 Hon Charles Sumner                | 23 Hon Schuyler Colfax               |
| 3 John Hay Esq Private Sec          | 10 Hon W T Otto Ass Sec of the Interior | 17 D' Crane Ass Surg Gen             | 24 Hon James Speed Att Gen           |
| 4 Hon E M Stanton Sec of War        | 11 Hon W Denison Post Master Gen        | 18 Gov Farwell of Wis                | 25 D R K Stone                       |
| 5 Rev D C Guiley                    | 12 Judge D K Catler                     | 19 Hon J P Usher Sec of the Interior | 26 Hon H M Cullough Sec of the Treas |
| 6 Gen Farnsworth M C from Ill       | 13 Maj Gen Halleck                      | 20 Maj Gen Augur                     | 27 Surg Gen Barnes                   |
| 7 Gov Ogilsby of Ill                | 14 Capt Robert Lincoln                  | 21 Maj Gen Meigs                     |                                      |

#### KEY TO "THE DEATH OF ABRAHAM LINCOLN"

Evans, spinster." A grandchild of this union was Joseph Hanks, who was borne southwestward upon the tide of emigration, headed by Daniel Boone. Joseph Hanks crossed the mountains with his family of eight children, horses, herds of cattle, and household goods. He had bought one hundred and fifty acres of land near Elizabethtown, Kentucky. The youngest of the eight children was little Nancy, who was five years of age when they left the Valley of Virginia. After four years of home-making in the wilderness, Joseph came to his death. His will, dated January 9, 1793, probated May 14, 1793, has been discovered, and a facsimile appears in Mrs. Hitchcock's book. This document settles once and forever the legitimacy of the parentage of Nancy Hanks.

The mother survived the father but a few months, and the orphaned Nancy, then nine years old, found a home with her uncle and aunt, Mr. and Mrs. Richard Berry, near Springfield, Kentucky, Mrs. Berry being her mother's sister. Here she lived, a happy and industrious girl, until she was twenty-three years of age, when Thomas Lincoln, who had learned his carpenter's trade of one of her uncles, married her on June 12, 1806. The whole official record is still in existence. The marriage bond, to the extent of fifty pounds, required by the laws of Kentucky at that time, signed by Thomas Lincoln and Richard Berry, was duly recorded seven days before. The wedding was celebrated as became prosperous country folk. The uncle and aunt gave

an "infare," to which the neighbors were bidden. Dr. Christopher Columbus Graham, of Louisville, who died in 1885 (he was the father-in-law of the late Governor Bramlette and of ex-United States Senator Blackburn, now governor of Panama), wrote at my request his remembrances of that festival and testified to this before a notary in the ninety-eighth year of his age. He said:

"I know Nancy Hanks to have been virtuous, respectable, and of good parentage, and I knew Jesse Head, Methodist preacher of Springfield, who performed the ceremony. The house in which the ceremony was performed was a large one for those days. Jesse Head was a noted man—able to own slaves, but did not on principle. At the festival there was bear-meat, venison, wild turkey, duck, and a sheep that two families barbecued over the coals of wood burned in a pit and covered with green boughs to keep the juices in."

The traditions of the neighborhood tell us that Nancy's disposition and habits were considered a dowry. She was an adept at spinning flax, and at spinning-parties, to which ladies brought their wheels, she generally bore away the palm, "her spools yielding the longest and finest thread."

She was above the average in education. She became a great reader, absorbed Æsop's Fables, loved the Bible and the hymn-book, possessed a sweet voice, and was fond of singing hymns. Old people remembered her as having a "gentle and trusting nature." A grandson of Joseph, Nancy's brother, once



*I do hereby certify that by Authority of License  
 Issued from the Clerks Office of Washington Co I  
 have solemnized the rites of Matrimony between  
 Thomas Lincoln and Nancy Hanks, June  
 12<sup>th</sup> 1806 A.D. agreeable to the rites and ceremonies  
 of the Methodist Episcopal Church witness  
 my hand*

*Levi Head D & Mc*

*By courtesy of Doubleday, Page & Co.*

#### MARRIAGE CERTIFICATE OF THOMAS LINCOLN AND NANCY HANKS

said to Joshua F. Speed, from whom it came to me:

"My grandfather always spoke of his angel sister Nancy with emotion. She taught him to read. He often told us children stories of their life together."

The first child of Thomas and Nancy Lincoln was a daughter, Sarah. Three years after marriage arrived the boy, Abraham. Another son, named Thomas, was born; he lived but a few months, though long enough indelibly and tenderly to touch the heart of the elder brother. Before the Lincolns started to seek a new home in Indiana he remembered his mother taking him and his sister by the hand, walking across the hills, and sitting down and weeping over the grave of the little babe she was to leave behind forever.

The last recorded words of Nancy Lincoln were words of cheer. A few days before her death she went to visit a sick neighbor. This neighbor was most despondent. She thought she would not live long. Said Mrs. Lincoln: "Oh, you will live longer than I. Cheer up." And so it proved. The dread milk-sickness stalked abroad, smiting equally human beings and cattle. Uncle Thomas and Aunt Betsy Sparrow both died within a few days of each other. Soon the frail but heroic mother was taken to bed. "She struggled on day by day, but on the seventh day she died," says the brief account. There was not a physician within thirty-five miles; no minister within a hundred miles. Placing her hand on the head of the little boy, nine years old, "I am going away from you, Abraham," she said, "and I shall not return. I know that you will be a good boy; that you will be kind to Sarah and to your father. I want you to live as I have taught you and to love your Heavenly Father."

Thomas Lincoln sawed the boards with his whip-saw from the trees he felled, and with his own hands made the coffins for the Sparrows and for his wife.

Pitiable story; one can scarce read it with dry eyes, but it lifts the veil forever from the cruel mystery which so long clouded the memory of Nancy Hanks. I here dwell upon it and give the details, because it ought to be known to every American who would have the truth of history fulfilled.

### III

THE war of sections, inevitable to the conflict of systems but long delayed by the compromises of patriotism, did two things which surpass in importance and value all other things: it confirmed the Federal Union as a nation and it brought the American people to the fruition of their manhood. Before that war we were a huddle of petty sovereignties held together by a rope of sand; we were as a community of children playing at government. Hamilton felt it, Marshall feared it, Clay ignored it, Webster evaded it. Their passionate clinging to the Constitution and the flag, bond and symbol of an imperfect if not tentative compact, confessed it. They were the intellectual progenitors of Abraham Lincoln. He became the incarnation of the brain and soul of the Union. "My paramount object," said he, "is to save the Union, and not either to save or destroy slavery. If I could save the Union without freeing any slave, I would do it; if I could save it by freeing all the slaves, I would do it; and if I could do it by freeing some and leaving others alone, I would do that."

In the sense of security which his travail

and martyrdom achieved for us we are apt to forget that it was not a localized labor system but institutional freedom which was at stake; that African slavery was the merest relic of a semi-barbarism shared in the beginning by all the people, but at length driven by certain laws of nature and trade into a corner, where it was making a stubborn but futile stand; that the real issue was free government, made possible by the Declaration of Independence and the Constitution of the United States, and inseparable from the maintenance of the Union. If the Union failed, freedom failed.

The trend of modern thought was definitely set against human slavery; but outside the American Union the idea of human freedom had gone no farther than limited monarchy. Though he came to awaken the wildest passions of the time, the negro was but an incident—never a principal—to the final death-grapple between the North and the South.

No man of his time understood this so perfectly, embodied it so adequately, as Abraham Lincoln. The primitive abolitionists saw only one side of the shield, the original secessionists only the other side. Lincoln saw both sides. His political philosophy was expounded in four elaborate speeches: one delivered at Peoria, Illinois, the 16th of October, 1854; one at Springfield, Illinois, the 16th of June, 1858; one at Columbus, Ohio, the 16th of September, 1859; and one at Cooper Institute, in New York city, the 27th of February, 1860. Of course he made many speeches and very good speeches, but these four, progressive in character, contain the sum and sub-

stance of his creed touching the organic character of the government and at the same time express his personal and party view of contemporary affairs. They show him to have been an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong emancipation leanings; a thorough anti-slavery man, but never an extremist or an abolitionist. To the last he hewed to the line thus laid down.

It is essential to a complete understanding of Mr. Lincoln's relation to the time and of

his place in the history of the country that the student peruse closely those four speeches: they underlie all that passed in the famous debate with Douglas, all that their author said and did after he succeeded to the presidency. They will always stand as masterpieces of popular oratory. The debate with Douglas, however—assuredly the most extraordinary intellectual spectacle in the annals of our party warfare—best tells the story and crystallizes it. Lincoln entered the canvass un-



CHAIR IN WHICH LINCOLN WAS SITTING WHEN  
HE WAS SHOT

known outside of the state of Illinois. He ended it renowned from one end of the land to the other.

Judge Douglas was himself unsurpassed as a ready debater, but in that campaign, from first to last, he was at a serious disadvantage. His bark rode an ebbing tide, Lincoln's a flowing tide. African slavery had become the single issue now; and, as I have said, the trend of modern thought was against slavery. The Democrats seemed hopelessly divided. The Little Giant had to face a triangular opposition embracing the Republicans, the Administration, or Buchanan, Democrats, and a rem-



nant of the old Whigs, who fancied that their party was still alive and might hold some kind of a balance of power. Judge Douglas called the combination the "allied army," and declared that he would deal with it "just as the Russians dealt with the allies at Sebastopol; that is, the Russians did not stop to inquire, when they fired a broadside, whether it hit an Englishman, a Frenchman, or a Turk." It was something more than a witticism when Mr. Lincoln rejoined, "In that case, I beg he will indulge us while we suggest to him that those allies took Sebastopol."

He followed this center-shot with volley after volley, of exposition so clear, of reasoning so close, of illustration so homely and sharp, and, at times, of humor so incisive, that, though he lost his election—though the allies did not then take Sebastopol—his defeat counted for more than Douglas's victory, for it made him the logical and successful candidate for President of the United States two years later.

What could be more captivating to an outdoor audience than Lincoln's description "of the two persons who stand before the people as candidates for the Senate," to quote his prefatory words? "Judge Douglas," he said, "is of world-wide renown. All the anxious politicians of his party . . . have been looking upon him as certainly . . . to be President of the United States. They have seen in his round, jolly, fruitful face post-offices, land-offices, marshalships, and cabinet appointments, chargeships, and foreign missions bursting and spreading out in wonderful exuberance, ready to be laid hold of by their greedy hands. And as they have been gazing upon this attractive picture so long they cannot, in the little distraction that has taken place in the party, bring themselves to give up the charming hope; but with greedier anxiety they rush about him, sustain him and give him marches, triumphal entries and receptions, beyond what in the days of his highest prosperity they could have brought about in his favor. On the contrary, nobody has ever expected me to be President. In my poor, lean, lank face nobody has ever seen that any cabbages were sprouting."

As the debate advanced, these cheery tones deepened into harsher notes; crimination and recrimination followed; the gladiators were strung to their utmost tension. They became dreadfully in earnest. Personal collision was narrowly avoided. I have recently gone over the entire debate, and with a feeling I

can only describe as most contemplative, most melancholy.

I knew Judge Douglas well; I admired, respected, loved him. I shall never forget the day he quitted Washington to go to his home in Illinois to return no more. We sat down together in a doorway. "What are you going to do?" said he. "Judge Douglas," I answered, "we have both fought to save the Union; you in your great way and I in my small way; and we have lost. I am going to my home in the mountains of Tennessee, where I have a few books, and there I mean to stay." Tears were in his eyes, and his voice trembled like a woman's. He was then a dying man. He had burned the candle at both ends; an eager, ardent, hard-working, pleasure-loving man; and though not yet fifty the candle was burned out. His infirmities were no greater than those of Mr. Clay; not to be mentioned with those of Mr. Webster. But he lived in more exacting times. The old-style party organ, with its mock heroics and its dull respectability, its beggarly array of empty news columns and cheap advertising, had been succeeded by that unsparing, telltale scandal-monger, *Modern Journalism*, with its myriad of hands and eyes, its vast retinue of detectives, and its quick transit over flashing wires, annihilating time and space. Too fierce a light beat upon the private life of public men, and Douglas suffered from this, as Clay and Webster, Silas Wright and Franklin Pierce had not suffered.

The presidential bee was in his bonnet, certainly; but its buzzing there was not noisier than in the bonnets of many other great Americans who have been dazzled by the presidential mirage. His plans and schemes came to naught. He died at the moment when the death of those plans and schemes was made more palpable and impressive by the roar of cannon proclaiming the reality of the "irrepressible conflict" he had refused to foresee and had struggled to avert. His lifelong rival was at the head of affairs. No one has found occasion to come to the rescue of his fame. No party interest has been identified with his memory. But when the truth of history is written, it will be told that, no less than Webster and Clay, he, too, was a patriotic man, who loved his country and tried to save the Union. He tried to save the Union, even as Webster and Clay had tried to save it, by compromises and expedients. It was too late. That string was played out. Where they had succeeded he failed; but, for the nobility of



his intention, the amplitude of his resources, the splendor of his combat, he merits all that any leader of a losing cause ever gained in the regard of posterity; and posterity will not deny him the title of statesman.

In those famous debates it was Titan against Titan; and, perusing them after the lapse of forty years, the philosophic and impartial critic will conclude which got the better of it, Lincoln or Douglas, much according to his sympathy with the one or the other. If Douglas had lived he would have become as Lincoln's right hand. Already, when he died, Lincoln was beginning to look to him and to lean upon him. Four years later they were joined together again on fame's eternal camping-ground, each followed to the grave by a mourning people.

#### IV

As I have said, Abraham Lincoln was an old-line Whig of the school of Henry Clay, with strong free-soil opinions, never an extremist or an abolitionist. He was what they used to call in those old days "a Conscience Whig." He stood in awe of the Constitution and his oath of office. Hating slavery, he recognized its legal existence and its rights under the compact of the organic law. He wanted gradually to extinguish it, not to despoil those who held it as a property interest. He was so faithful to these principles that he approached emancipation not only with anxious deliberation, but with many misgivings. He issued his final proclamation as a military necessity; and even then, so fair

was his nature, he was meditating some kind of restitution.

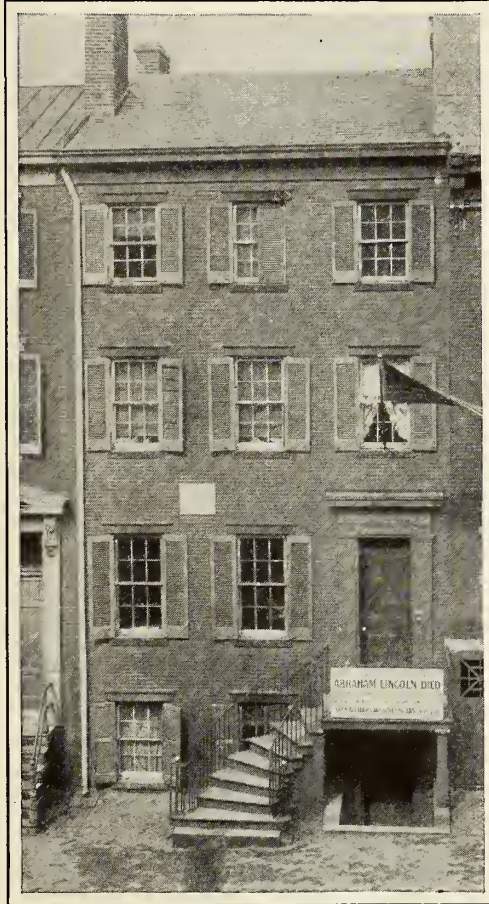
Thus it came about that he was the one man in public life who could have taken the helm of affairs in 1861 handicapped by none of the resentments growing out of the anti-slavery battle. While Seward, Chase, Sumner, and the rest had been engaged in hand-to-hand combat with the Southern leaders at Washington, Lincoln, a philosopher and a statesman, had been observing the course of events from afar, and, like a philosopher and a statesman, his mind was irradiated and sweetened by the sense of humor. Throughout the contention that preceded the war, amid the passions inevitable to the war itself, not one bitter, proscriptive word escaped his lips or fell from his pen, while there was hardly a day that he was not projecting his great personality between some Southern man or woman and danger.

Under date of February 2, 1848, from the hall of the House of Representatives at Washington, when he was serving as a member of Congress, he wrote this short note to Herndon, his law partner at Springfield:

DEAR WILLIAM: I take up my pen to tell you that Mr. Stephens, of Georgia, a little, slim, pale-faced, consumptive man, with a voice like Logan's [that was Stephen T., not John A.] has just concluded the very best speech of an hour's length I ever heard. My old, withered, dry eyes [he was then not quite thirty-seven years of age] are full of tears yet.

Thereafter he had a great opinion of Alexander H. Stephens and a high regard for him.

After that famous Hampton Roads conference, when the Confederate commissioners,



HOUSE, 516 TENTH STREET, N. W., WASHINGTON, IN WHICH LINCOLN DIED

Vice-President Stephens, Campbell, and Hunter, had traversed the field of official routine with Mr. Lincoln and Mr. Seward, Lincoln took the "slim, pale-faced, consumptive man" aside and, pointing to a sheet of paper he held in his hand, said, "Stephens, let me write 'Union' at the top of that page, and you may write below it whatever else you please."

In the preceding conversation he had intimated that payment for the slaves was not outside a possible agreement for reunion and peace. He based the suggestion upon a plan he already had in hand to appropriate four hundred million dollars for that purpose.

Many foolish and overzealous persons put themselves to the pains of challenging this statement when it was first made by me many years ago. It admits of no possible denial. Mr. Lincoln took with him to Fortress Monroe two documents that still exist in his own handwriting; one of them a joint resolution to be passed by the two houses of Congress appropriating the four hundred millions, the other a proclamation to be issued by himself when the joint resolution had been enacted. These formed no part of the discussion at Hampton Roads, because Mr. Stephens told Mr. Lincoln they were limited to treating upon the basis of the recognition of the Confederacy. "In that case, Stephens," said Lincoln sadly, "I am guiltless of every drop of blood that may be shed from this onward." Thus in point of fact the conference died before it was actually born. But Mr. Lincoln was so filled with the idea that next day, when he had returned to Washington, he submitted his two documents to the members of the cabinet. Excepting Mr. Seward, they could not agree with him. He said: "Why, gentlemen, how long is the war going to last? It is not going to end this side of a hundred days, is it? It is costing us four millions a day. There are the four hundred millions, not counting the loss of life and property in the meantime. But you are all against me, and I will not press the matter upon you."

I have not at any time cited this indisputable fact of history to attack, or even to criticise, the policy of the Confederate government, but simply to illustrate the wise magnanimity and the far-reaching sense of justice which distinguished the character of Abraham Lincoln.

## V

TRAGEDY herself hung over the humble pallet—for cradle he had none—on which the

baby Lincoln lay, nestled with him in his mother's arms, followed him to the little grave in the wildwood, and attended him to the fall of the curtain in the brilliantly lighted theater at the national capital. "Now he is with the ages," said Stanton in the gray dawn of the winter day as the stertorous breathing ceased and the great heart was stilled forever. His life had been an epic in homespun; his death, like that of Cæsar, beggars the arts and resources of Melpomene of the mimic scene.

"Within the narrow compass of that stage-box that night," says John Hay, "were five human beings: the most illustrious of modern heroes crowned with the most stupendous victory of modern times; his beloved wife, proud and happy; two betrothed lovers with all the promise of felicity that youth, social position, and wealth could give them; and a young actor, handsome as Endymion upon Latmus, the idol of his little world. The glitter of fame, happiness and ease was upon the entire group; but in an instant everything was to be changed with the blinding swiftness of enchantment. Quick death was to come on the central figure of that company. . . . Over all the rest the blackest fates hovered menacingly; fates from which a mother might pray that kindly death would save her children in their infancy. One was to wander with the stain of murder on his soul, with the curses of a world upon his name, with a price set upon his head, in frightful physical pain, till he died a dog's death in a burning barn. The stricken wife was to pass the rest of her days in melancholy and madness; of those two young lovers, one was to slay the other, and then end his life a raving maniac!"

Had Lincoln lived? In that event it is quite certain that there would have been no era of reconstruction, with its repressive agencies and oppressive legislation. If Lincoln had lived there would have been wanting to the extremism of the time the bloody cue of his taking off to mount the steeds and spur the flanks of vengeance. For Lincoln entertained, with respect to the rehabilitation of the Union, the single wish that the Southern states—to use his familiar phraseology—"should come back home and behave themselves," and if he had lived he would have made this wish effectual as he made everything effectual to which he seriously addressed himself.

His was the genius of common sense. Of admirable intellectual aplomb, he sprang from a Virginia pedigree and was born in Kentucky. He knew all about the South, its insti-



tutions, its traditions, and its peculiarities. "If slavery be not wrong," he said, "nothing is wrong," but he also said, and reiterated it time and again: "I have no prejudice against the Southern people. They are just what we would be in their situation. If slavery did not now exist among them they would not introduce it. If it did now exist among us we would not instantly give it up."

His idea of paying the South for the slaves did not by any means originate with the proposal he was prepared to make at Fortress Monroe. It had been all along in his mind. He believed the North equally guilty with the South for the existence of slavery. He clearly understood that the irrepressible conflict was a conflict of systems, not merely a sectional and partisan quarrel. He was a considerate man, abhorring proscription. He wanted to leave the South no right to claim that the North, finding slave-labor unremunerative, had sold its negroes to the South and then turned about and by force of arms confiscated what it had unloaded at a profit. He recognized slavery as property. In his message to Congress of December, 1862, he proposed payment for the slaves, elaborating a scheme in detail and urging it with copious and cogent argument. "The people of the South," said he, addressing a war Congress at that moment in the throes of bloody strife with the South, "are not more responsible for the original introduction of this property than are the people of the North, and, when it is remembered how unhesitatingly we all use cotton and sugar and share the profits of dealing in them, it may not be quite safe to say that the South has been more responsible than the North for its continuance."

This is the language not only of justice, but of far-reaching statesmanship.

## VI

SOMETHING more than two hundred and sixty years ago there arrived at the front of affairs in England one Cromwell. In the midst of monarchy he made a republic. It had no progenitor. It left no heirs at law. It was succeeded, as it had been preceded, by a line of sovereigns. But from the Commonwealth of Cromwell date the confirmation and the consolidation of the principles of liberty wrung by the barons from John, their

unwilling king. From the Commonwealth of Cromwell date the grandeur and the power of the English fabric, the enlightened and progressive conservatism of the English Constitution, the sturdy independence of the English people. Why such cost of blood and treasure for an interval of freedom so equivocal and brief puzzled the wisest men and remained for centuries a mystery, though it is plain enough now and was long ago conceded, so that at last—dire rebel though he was—the name of Cromwell, held in execration through two hundred years, has a place in the history of the English-speaking races along with the names of William the Conqueror and Richard of the Lion Heart.

That which it took England two centuries to realize we in America have demonstrated within a single generation. Northerner or Southerner, none of us need fear that the future will fail to vindicate our integrity. When those are gone that fought the good fight, and philosophy comes to strike the balance-sheet, it will be shown that the makers of the Constitution left the relation of the states to the federal government and of the federal government to the states open to a double construction. It will be told how the mistaken notion that slave-labor was requisite to the profitable cultivation of sugar, rice, and cotton raised a paramount property interest in the Southern section of the Union, while in the Northern section, responding to the impulse of modern thought and the outer movements of mankind, there arose a great moral sentiment against slavery. The conflict thus established, gradually but surely sectionalizing party lines, was wrought to its bitter and bloody conclusion at Appomattox.

The battle was long though unequal. Let us believe that it was needful to make us a nation. Let us look upon it as into a mirror, seeing not the desolation of the past, but the radiance of the present; and in the heroes of the New North and the New South who contested in generous rivalry up the fire-swept steep of El Caney and side by side reemblazoned the national character in the waters about Corregidor Island and under the walls of Cavite, let us behold hostages for the Old North and the Old South blent together in a Union that reckons not of the four points of the compass, having long ago flung its geography into the sea.






# The Grand Orchestra in America

THE SYMPHONIC CONCERT IS COMING TO BE A DISTINGUISHING FEATURE OF AMERICAN CITY LIFE. WE PROMISE VERY SOON TO LEAD THE WHOLE WORLD IN THIS DEPARTMENT OF ART

By Charles Edward Russell



**I**N Boston last winter a lady of the highest consideration was entertaining one from the pathless wilds of Chicago, a friend and visitor. In the course of which experience Mrs. Backbay one night took Mrs. Dearborn out to the far-famed temple of musical art that shines in Huntington Avenue.

"This must be a great treat to you," observed Mrs. Backbay graciously, in the intermission.

"What must be?" asked Chicago, looking wonderingly about her.

"Why, this—this opportunity to hear a great orchestra—and you so much interested in music."

"Well, I don't know," said Mrs. Dearborn meditatively. "I've been hearing as great an orchestra as this twenty-six weeks in the year for seventeen years, so it isn't a rare treat, anyway."

"Where?" said Boston, with cultured eyebrows arched.

"Chicago," said Mrs. Dearborn sweetly.

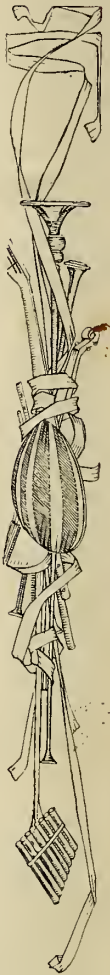
"Ah!" said Boston, who plainly thought her Chicago friend was inventing monstrous untruths. So would have thought almost any Bostonian; so would have thought almost any New Yorker or other resident of the East. And yet she was not; she was but stating with due modesty a simple if somewhat astonishing fact.

The truth is that while humbly we have accepted and dutifully we have repeated the good old formula that in America there is no art and no art feeling and no sympathy nor anything else worth talking about, in

one, and that a very important, department of art we have been making such strides and doing such wonderful things that we promise shortly to lead the world therein. No doubt, as we have been so often and so pleasantly assured, we are children and barbarians and villagers about other things, but when we come to orchestral music there is an indubitable record of solid achievement of a nature to give detractors pause and none the less notable because we never refer to it. And this remains perfectly true and a basis whereon to challenge the world's scrutiny whether we consider the extent of public interest aroused, the extent of public support, or the frequency of public performance.

As observe: In the city of New York, counting the two opera-house orchestras (which give classical program concerts every Sunday night), there are nine grand orchestras of the symphony grade. That is a larger number of such orchestras than can be found in any other city in the world. Even omitting the opera-house orchestras and limiting the inquiry to the independent orchestras that give regular seasons of symphonic concerts, the numerical supremacy of New York remains unquestionable. Mr. Damrosch's New York Symphony, the Philharmonic, the Russian Symphony, the People's Symphony, the Volpé Symphony, and two others, play each its regular season every year. This is really an extraordinary showing. It deserves more attention than it has received.

As soon as we pass from the metropolis, or



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RECOLLECTION

ABRAHAM LINCOLN

71.2009.084.11501

By: Henry Watterson

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